VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Mrs. Bing's Mistake.

Mrs. Bings is a trim little woman who prides herself on her domestic economy. She does her own buying and trains her maids to cook without wasting. Like most women, she has a weakness for special sales, and watches the newspapers carefully for bargains. Whenever the list of bargains is long enough to warrant it—and sometimes, I fear, when it isn't—she boards the train at her suburban station and hies away to the "madding mart" to beat the grocer at his own game.

Recently she discovered that Hopperstein & Hingingbottom were quoting sweetcorn and tomatoes two cents a can cheaper than the market, and as she wanted to take a look at the shops she sallied forth to kill two birds with one stone. On the way down town she scanned her list and found among other things needed for the house was a can of cinnamon.

After purchasing the tomatoes and the sweetcorn, by which purchase she saved at least fourteen cents, she bought the cinnamon at par and proceeded happily toward the fairy realms of dress goods.

The next day, the tomatoes and the sweetcorn arrived as ordered, but instead of cinnamon, the package yielded a box marked "Cassia."

"That stupid clerk has made a mistake," was her mental analysis. "Bridget," she asked of the maid, "do you know what 'cassia' is?"

"No, mum, I do not," replied that functionary. "Is it something good to eat?"

"I am sure I don't know. Oh, dear, now I will have to make a trip into town to change that stuff!"

The next day bright and early, she set out for town. The fare is 23 and a fraction cents—just enough to take off the curse of the "skiddoo!" The trip both ways more than ate up her bit of domestic economizing on the corn and tomatoes, but anyhow she had to have some cinnamon.

"You made a mistake," she said niftily to the clerk at Hopperstein & Hingingbottom's. "I ordered cinnamon and you sent me cassia," extending the package.

The clerk took the can and gasped. "What?"

"You sent me that when I ordered cinnamon," she repeated, coldly.

Then the clerk laughed.

"Why, it's the same thing," he explained. "Cinnamon and cassia are the same. It's just another name for it," painstakingly as he saw the look of doubt in her face.

And when she arrived home with the package she went to the dictionary and discovered that the clerk was right.

o o o

Silhouettes.

The wise married man will never talk about the good old bachelor days

☆ ☆ ☆

Some men are cautious by nature and some because the mule kicked them!

☆ ☆ ☆

The man who listens to what the other fellow has to say, may get a new view point.

☆ ☆ ☆

Putting art on the bum may be done by tattooing the Maltese cross on the arm of a tramp.

☆ ☆ ☆

A man who marries a soubrette must expect to have more or less kicking about the house.

☆ ☆ ☆

You always can trust the man who never did anything, to tell you how to pull off something big.

☆ ☆ ☆

Timely topic—See if the moths are in your summer overcoat by this time. Oh, that's all right; keep the change!

☆ ☆ ☆

Mine—Something that people invest in for the benefit of the instigators. The money is not in the mine; it is in the suckers.

o o o

Why It Booms.

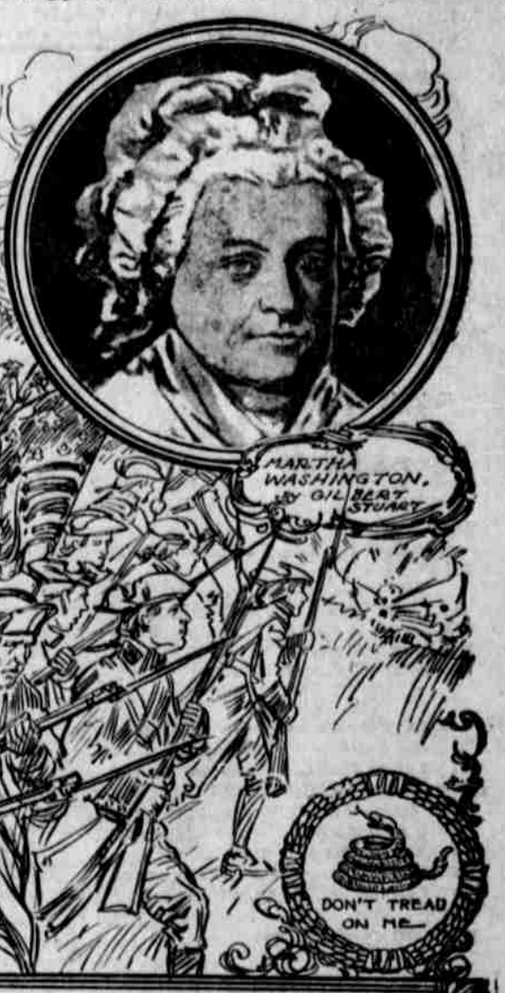
The wild storm the other day blew off the door of Jas. T. Proctor's barn, but within 10 hours he had a man at work fixing it on again, and told him to never mind the cost. It is such enterprise that has made Midnapore what it is to-day and makes her such a formidable rival to Okotoks.—Midnapore (Alberta) Gazette.

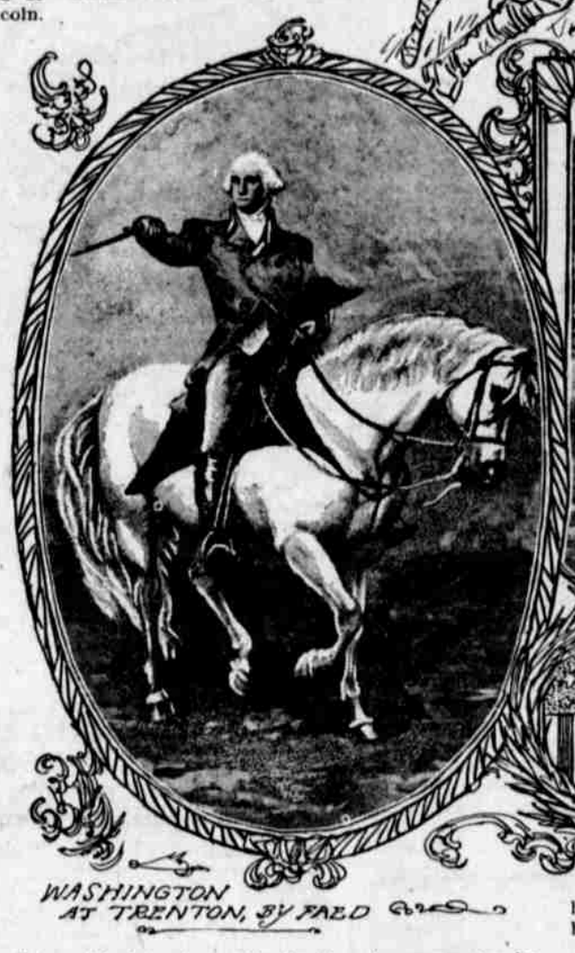
Byron Williams

WASHINGTON·LIFE·INCIDENTS

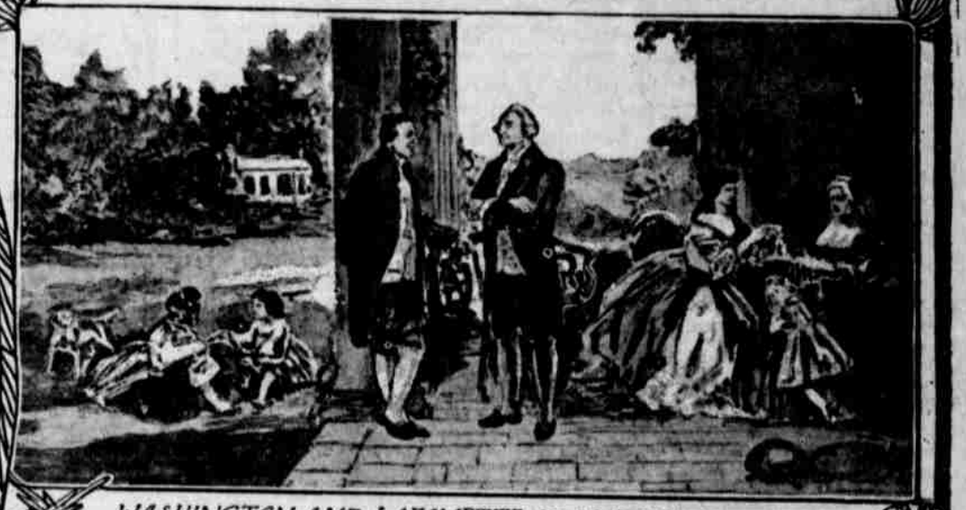
BY HERBERT F. JACKSON

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, BY LEUTZE





WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, BY FALO



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MT. VERNON, BY ROSSITER

THROUGH the pages of American history are adorned with the names of many great men, none are brighter and more beautifully described in letters of chased gold than those of Washington and Lincoln. Students of history are divided in their judgment which of the two men is the greater. But it is not really important that this question be decided. Destiny planned a certain line of work for both men, and they did that work well. Their innate ability is only partly responsible for their success; it was their unselfishness and desire to do well whatever they undertook which helped them to succeed where others might have failed. If Lincoln deserves praise because necessity spurred him on to greatness, Washington deserves as much credit because he became great without being driven on by necessity. Destiny demanded a double role of Washington—she made him a soldier and a statesman, and he performed both well. His trials as president were almost as great as those he encountered as commander-in-chief of the army. He was placed at the head of a new form of government, and did not have precedents to guide him in his undertaking. It was his early training which taught him to think calmly and with judgment. His mind once made up, to act without fear.

He was born on the banks of the Potomac river in a farmhouse; though the house was far better than a log cabin, it was not the mansion it is supposed to have been. It was a large, roomy place, with a deep sloping roof and a big outside chimney at either end. He was one of many children. His father was rich in crops and land, though he had little real money. Most Virginia farmers planted tobacco, and when money was scarce they traded this product for food and clothing. His early years were spent on the farm, with plenty of exercise and little schooling. George loved to tramp across the fields, forests and to swim in the streams. His education was gained at a country school where he was taught for three hours a day. Limited as his education was, he was fond of reading, and he had a book into which he copied everything he wished to remember. In this book he put many rules which he himself had formulated. These are only a few of the many:

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

"Think before you speak."

"Whisper not in the company of others."

Lawrence, one of the half-brothers, had been sent to England to school, and the parents had planned the same for George, but the father died suddenly, and Mrs. Washington realized she could not afford to send him across the ocean. The boy had spent considerable time on the wharf and talking to seamen had awakened a desire for adventure. These stories created a desire to earn a living as a sailor, and he suggested it to his mother. Mrs. Washington did not like the idea of having George leave home nor did she approve of his career. He was sent back to school to study surveying. When not studying he was training his company of boys to become soldiers, and he often got very impatient when they made mistakes.

Shortly after his brother Lawrence had married the daughter of Lord Fairfax a member of this family took a great interest in the boy. He had such a fancy for the lad he put him to surveying a large tract of land in the Shenandoah valley. Though the work was no easy task, he was so strong and enthusiastic he acquitted himself exceedingly well. He did not go alone—a boy, George Fairfax, went as his aid. They rather enjoyed the new experience of hunger, cold and facing Indian strategy. In later years George recalled his experience of roughing it in the Shenandoah valley with great pleasure. This work was suddenly interrupted by sickness in the family. Lawrence, his half-brother, was ill and the physicians sent him to the West Indies. George went along to keep him company, only to be taken with smallpox. Although Lawrence started for home, he died after his return.

This was a great shock to George, for the brothers were exceedingly devoted; but the sting of this loss was partly forgotten by a commission to go to the French who were building forts on English territory. He was made major at the age of 22 and sent on a perilous journey of over a thousand miles. He had many narrow escapes in his journey over mountains, fording streams and through forests where Indians lay in hiding. After his interview with the French commander he started for home. The journey back was worse than going, for the rivers were exceedingly treacherous. The French governor refused to heed English commands and continued to build forts, so George Washington was appointed to command soldiers to march against the French in the spring. This was the beginning of a war between the French and English, which lasted seven years. Gen. Braddock was sent over from England and George was made a colonel and commanded the Virginia troops. Though Braddock was a capable general, he did not understand the art of fighting the Indians and refused to heed young Washington's advice. The general was shot in one of these engagements. With this the Redcoats began to run, but Washington tried to call them back. All day he was in the midst of the fight. Four bullets went through his coat and two horses were shot under him.

The war at an end, Washington returned home. He was anxious to see his mother, whom he had not seen in some time. Though Mrs. Washington was not a brilliant woman, she had plenty of good judgment and common sense, and was always ready to give her son wise counsel. Proud though she was of her boy's energy and desire to serve his country she was careful not to spoil him by excessive praise. She loved to hear of the hazards of war, but she emphasized the dangers more than her boy's success.

Hardships and long-fought campaigns had done much to impair his health, and he went to Williamsburg to consult a physician. On this trip he met Mrs. Martha Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, one of the wealthiest planters in the colony. They were married some five months later. Very little is known of her except that she was petite, pretty and exceedingly devoted to her husband. She was very proud of his successes, and used all her energy to make his trials as easy as she could. There are those who attribute Washington's first step upward to his marriage. This is certainly untrue, for he was on the road to success when he married her. Whenever Washington went on a long campaign his wife took up headquarters where she might be near him. These winterings gradually became a regular custom. She seldom complained, although she frequently had to put up with inconvenient headquarters. When Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the army he did not accept the place with great eagerness, for he knew it was to be a long and hard fought war, and a position latent with responsibility. The struggle was as difficult as he imagined, for many times during the war the soldiers were ready to lay down their arms and go home, but his courage never failed him and he pushed on.

When the sky looked blackest he would plan some campaign to make of defeat a victory. A happy illustration of this was when one Christmas night the soldiers were quite ready to give up and go home. They were camping on the banks of the Delaware. Pointing to the other side, he said: "Our enemy is camping there." They were Hessian soldiers, and since it was Christmas night, they were celebrating. It was with difficulty the army crossed, for the night was wild, dark and cold. But in spite of the great blocks of ice on the river, Washington managed to get his army across, and a victory was the result. A more difficult year was spent in Valley Forge. It was a long, cold winter, the soldiers hungry for food, and they did not have enough clothing and blankets to keep themselves warm. Many times they were on the verge of mutineering. It was only by means of his tact and good judgment that he brought harmony into camp and gave the war a successful ending.

After leaving the army he went back home and spent much time improving the farm. The Mount Vernon estate gradually became an expensive affair. Here he kept open house, and never a day went by without his receiving callers and friends. Some of the dinners and levees were often elaborate, and he struggled hard not to appear bored. He had hoped to spend the rest of his life among these pleasant surroundings. He often told his friends: "Let those who wish such things as office be at the head of things. I do not wish them. All I desire now is to settle down at Mount Vernon and to enjoy my farm." But after the constitution was ratified and the votes of the electors were opened and counted it was found that everyone had voted for Washington. During his presidency he had many knotty problems, but he met them all with good sense and judgment. Because he played the double role of commander of the army and the first president of this nation equally well he is entitled to the name, the Father of His Country.

"END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

"The end justifies the means." This motto, from the coat-of-arms of Washington, will no doubt flash into the minds of certain admirers of the father of his country who glance at the genealogical tree, which is England's latest contribution to the oft-debated question of Washington's ancestry.

"Let no man fancy he knows sport," said the late Moncure D. Conway, "unless he has treed an ancestor of George Washington." Yet, despite the many clever scholars and antiquarians of America who have tried their hands at this "sport," it has remained for a fellow of the Royal Historical society of England, Rev. Frederick W. Ragg, to convey to us the latest interesting revelation regarding the ancestry of our first president.

Barring those that champion the truly democratic standpoint, less prevalent to-day than it was in 1620, which scorns to connect itself with old world titles and abhors royalty, there remain many liberal souls among us who do not grudge to one who was acknowledged first in war and first in peace a share in the homage accorded the first family of England.

Edward I. was himself a mighty warrior, and first in many wars; his prowess was early exercised on the Turks, during the last crusade ever embarked on by England's kings, and when the throne became his own he successfully carried out his project of uniting England, Scotland and Wales. He brought the famous stone of Scone to Westminster abbey, and under him England became a mighty nation. He was a monarch wise and great, even though he had little leaning toward democratic government and did not display special fondness for Magna Charter. Edward Longshanks was not an ancestor to be despised by his descendant George, of kingly bearing and equally long legs.

That this direct line of descent has not until now been established may seem a bit surprising in view of the exhaustive research that has been devoted to the Washington ancestry. The reason is, however, not difficult to understand when one reflects that such research has been concerned exclusively with the male line, while this royal blood is introduced into the family by Margaret Butler, who married Laurence Washington in 1588.

Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford and others who have made a special study of the Washington pedigree trace the line back to John Washington of Whitfield, five generations back of the aforesaid Laurence and his wife Margaret. These students state that this Margaret Butler was the daughter of William Butler of Tighes, Sussex, but do not follow the Butler pedigree back of this point. Here Mr. Ragg has taken up the quest, and after careful study of old records, tombstones, and entries in church registers has proved that William Butler, father of Mrs. Laurence Washington, stands tenth in direct descent from Edward I.

Reference to the above genealogical tree just completed by Mr. Ragg, and verified since its arrival in America by various genealogical experts, who have pronounced it satisfactory, will show conclusively that George Washington is in the sixteenth generation in direct descent from the monarch in question, and is, therefore, the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great- great-great-great-great- grandson of Edward I. Plantagenet.